If heauen haue any grecuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liueſt,
And take deepe traitors for thy deareſt friends.
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels.
Thou eluiſh mark, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou lothed iſſue of thy fathers loynes.
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for I had thought
Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.

Qu. M. Why ſo I did, but lookt for no replie,
O let me make the period to my curſe.

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.

Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my fortune:
Why ſtrewſt thou ſugar on that bottled ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe.
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.

Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,

Riu. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To ſeruе me well; you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:

O ſerue me well, and teach yours ſelues that dutie.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.

Q. M. Peace Maſter Marques, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarſe currant:
O that your yong nobilitie could iudge,
What twere to looſe it and be miſerable:
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.

Glo. Good counſell mary, learne it, learne it Marquis.

Dor. It toucheth you (my Lo:) as much as me.

Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.

Qu. M. And turnes the ſunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neſt,
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud, loſt be it ſo.

Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charitie.

Q. M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcherd;
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q. M. O Princely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with out bloud,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.

Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the aire.

Q. M. Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,